GREAT WHIG CANDIDATE

Timely Sketch of William Henry Harrison's Place in Indiana's History.

Incidents of the General's Two Visits to This City and Local Events Connected with the Temerable Log-Cabin Campaign.

Gen, William Henry Harrison was Governor of Indiana Territory twelve years, his adminis ration ending in 1812. The Territorial Secreand occasional acting Governor, was John Sibson, a Virginian, who was familiar with ome of the Indian tribes of the Northwest, and eted as guide to Lord Dunmore in the expedion of 1774 against the Shawnees of the Scioto alley. It was on the occasion of Gibson's visit to the Shawnee village during this expeion that Logan, the Mingo-by some led Coyuge-chief, took Gibson saide at? a copes of underwood, and there poured have all over the world as the finest sample of Indian eleguence. Gibson wrote it out from memory, and Jefferson got it for his Virginia Notes," where it reached the public. This incident is noted here for its interest and its conection with the early history of Indiana. The uties and difficulties of Governor Harrison's osition were largely of Indian origin or aggrastion. His administration covered the whole period of the active career and restless enmity the greatest of Indian statesmen, Tecumseh. He was almost constantly in collision, armed or diplomatic, with the wily and samelous Snawnee chief, till the battle of Tippecance broke up the latter's schemes, left him dependent on the English alliance of 1812, and destroyed that and the great chief himself he next year at the battle of the Thames. To Jeneral Harrison is due the credit of the line of mecessful military operations following the outbreak of the war of 1812, which restored contracts of the Adence to Western settlement and immigration, and gave the first impulse to the current which seventy-five years later a still moving healthfully and prosperously.

It is no wonder that General Harrison was popular in Indiana. She voted for him in 1836, when Michigan and Illinois voted against him,

ad in 1860 she went for him as Maine went for or Kent, according to the old Tippecance Yet he was never in Indianapolis till the beginning of 1833, twenty years after he had left the executive chair of the Territory, and never returned but once, in 1835, and then only to pass through. The first visit, on the 11th of January, 1833, was made the occasion of a public demonstrative on the 17th—the General leaving town for a few days on business and returning at that tim—when the Legislature gave him a public reception at the old court-house—which was then the Capitol, too—and a banquet at Washington Hall, the leading "tavern" then, as its successor was for fifteen years, where he made a strong Union speech. At that time Calhoun and nullification—or eccession by another name—and the figures and the conflict of their supporters with the Union sentiment were the dominant political ideas. There were no Indiana sympathizers with nullification as there was thirty years later with its bloody-minded son and heir-at-law—the rebel-

The General's nomination at Harrisburg, early in December, 1839, was received in Indiana with in December, 1839, was received in Indiana with a welcome never given to any nomination since. A procession in honor of it, supplementing a mass ratification meeting, marched along Washington street on one of the coldest days of the winter of 1839-40. Thousands of enthusiastic Whigs lined the sidewalks and cheered as long as they had breath, and when that gave out they still swung their hats and went through the motion. Mr. Wilson Parker, still living here, a leasting builder of that day, and a Whig of concentrated strength and flavor, is said to have kept his head so constantly uncovered in his ave kepthis head so constantly uncovered in his sheering that he froze his ears. But the queerat exhibition of party zeal was the construction of a resular old backwoods cabin, of buckeye logs, "chi_ked and daubed," with a dirt floor and purcheon door, and a hole sawed for a winbuilt near the northwest corner of Wash-The door was closed by a wooden latch, sed from the outside by a buckskin string rough a hole. Here was General Harrison's mous allusion to the "log cabin" and the stab-string always hanging out," as a sign of moor hospitality, and the "hard-cider barrel" and its representation inside in a barrel that cond its representation inside in a barrel that bequently held eider and occasionally didn't, when it wasn't empty, either. It was built to signalize a monster Tippecanoe meeting, but was left for two or three years, occupied by a sailor shop, by Samuel P. Daniels and John Mentgomery, till it was removed to make room for Gaston's carriage shop, the predecessor of the Rates Hopes.

On the 5th of Cetober, 1840, a huge mass-beding was held here, the oratory being done biefly in the hall of the House in the new State-house, and in the portice at the south front, but the opportunities of ambitious ele-quence were varied by dry-goods boxes at street sorgets. There is living now but one of the prators who made that meeting an event in the State's political history. Jonathan McCarty, of the Whitewater valley, went to Iowa, ran for Congress at the first election in the Keokuk district in 1846, was beaten, and went down out of night Joseph L. White, of Jefferson, went to Congress in 1841, removed to New York, and arned up a leader of the "Free Soil" Van Buren Damocracy in the Buffalo convention of 1848, when he declared that the occasion was "the poetry of politics and the religion of party." George H. Prods followed Tyler, got a foreign mission, and soon after died. Mr. Robinson, of ked by consumption. Caleb B. Smith, Sam-W. Parker, Henry S. Lane need no further tion. Col R. W. Thompson alone survives a galaxy of oratorical ability rarely equaled,

One of the lights of this Whig iliumination, or one of the chosen voices of the great Whig chorus was Capt George W. Cutter, of Vigo, then leader of the Whigs in the lower house of the Legislature. He was a "marked" man, marked equally by nature and the small-pox, with a deeply pitted face, a brilliant eye, a pleasant and genial expression, and an intellectual foreneed that didn't belie hisgifts. He was erratio, poetic, symphathetic, a gentleman by istinct, perverted into a debauchery later by evil associations. His "Song of Steam" and his "E Pluribus Unum" were famous in their day, and deserve better of to-day than much that is popular and critically approved. A year or two later he married Mrs. Drake, the widow of a noted Western actor, herself a stage celebrity now forgotten, who was old enough to be his mother, and here began his decline, ending in a fall in Cincinnati, where he hung for years on the skirts of the press, when he might have been its foremost man. He spoke on the State-house portico in the afternoon, after making several speeches previously in the hall, and the yard, and on the street—for he was in constant demand—and it may illustrate the man, to note an incident of the speech allered to. He had smoken himself heaves and the temper of the crowd, as well as the quality of the man, to note an incident of the speech alluded to. He had spoken himself hoarse, and was worn out with work and the lack of food, for nobody appeared to go to dinner, and had recruited freely from the cider barrel in the cabin. After treating some of the usual stump topics he wound up his speech with a savage denunciation of the conduct of the Democratic administration, the defaulters, the opponents of internal improvements, the "gold spoon" President, and finding no language handy that fitted the state of his own feelings or those he hoped to excite, he shook his fist and hastily howled: "D—the Loco-focos, that's what I say, and it covers all that I've been trying to say; d—the the Loco-focos."

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT.

It Is of Trepical Growth, and Shows Peculiarities of Structure and Vitality.

desting has a rare plant in his possession. It is what travelers in the East and in all tropical countries call the resurrection plant. He has and it for a number of years, receiving it from his uncle, who was a satior. The plant resembles a small ball, with delicate little fragile roots banging to it. It is apparently perfectly dead, and could be crushed to powder in one's and, so dry and arisp is it. When thrown into a basin of water, and when immersed for a short me, it sees begins to unroll its fibres, and spread out upon the surface of the water like a lily. From a dull straw color, it becomes a beautiful green and floats upon the surface like a mass of beautiful green moss, radiating like a starry flower from its heart in the center. When it is taken out of the water, its life seems to obb slowly away, its beautiful green dies and case more it rolls its fibres together and in a short time gives no evidence of the slightest vitality, banging upon its stem awaiting once more the touch of the pure water to wake it into mental life. The story of the plant is told thus by a gener paturalists.

joining him never to part with it. Like the fabled gift of the Egyptian, it was supposed to have 'magic in the web of it.'

"The dector was selemnly assured by the Arab and others of his race that it had been taken ten years before from the breast of an Egyptian mummy, a high priestess, and was deemed a great variety; that it would never de-ay if properly cared for; that its possession through life would tend to revive hope in ad-

"For years the doctor carried his treasure with him everywhere, prizing it for its intrinsic qualities, and invariably awakening the deepost interest whenever he chanced to display its wondrous powers. During the remainder of his life, it is claimed, he caused the flower to open many times, without causing any diminution of its marvelous property, or any injury

Mr. Geeting has had the plant in his posses-sion for a number of years, and has had many offers to buy is. He will not part with it, how-ever, prizing it very highly on account of its rarity and because of the way he came into its

SAM HOUSTON'S SECRET. Why the Old Man Left Tennessee and Went

St. Louis Lepublic. The blank in the history of the famous Sam Houston has at last been filled up. It will be remembered that after living for some time among the Cherokee Indians and fighting in the war of 1812, he settled in Tennessee, began to practice law, was twice elected to Congress, and in 1827 was elected Governor of Tennessee, and in January, 1829, he was married to the belle of Tennessee, and in less than two months after his marriage he suddenly resigned the governorship, deserted his wife and home, and disappeared. This created an intense sensation throughout the country, as Houston sensation throughout the country, as Houston was regarded as the most promising man in the South. The cause of Houston's resignation of the governorship, his descrition of his bride, and his abandonment of the path of civilization has always been a mystery. He never revealed it himself to his civilized friends. A reporter sent to Tahlequah, Indian Territory, to write up the Indian troubles, obtained from undoubted authority feats that clean up this mystery.

thority facts that clear up this mystery.

When Houston resigned the governorship be rode straight from Tennesseee's capital to the Arkaneas river. He fell in with a band of Osage Indians near the present site of Fort Gibson, told them he desired to live with the tribe, and he was welcomed. He donned a breech-clout and blanket, shaved his head to the crown, and daubed his face with paint. He cut himself off

For a time he was a leader and married an ndian girl, but afterward he became a drunkard. While under the influence of whicky he told the story of his flight from Tennessee to John Jorley, an Indian companion. Jorley told it to Wolff Star, and from the latter the correspondent got it.

Houston's wife married him to please her parents. She had been previously engaged to a young man in Nashville, but, under parental influence, broke off the engagement and accepted Houston's offer of marriage, and, in view of his prospects, it was thought she had made a brilliant match. He loved the young woman, and was made to believe that she returned his affection. Houston had no knowledge of the previous engagement, and his wife managed to maintain outward cheerfulness for some time. He returned home one night about 11 o'clock, and his wife was in bed and she was weeping. The husband was solicitous and the wife fret-ful. He asked what caused her tears, and she gave no satisfactory answer. He importuned her, and at last she told him.

She said she was a bad, wicked woman; that she did not love her busband, but loved another man; that she never could love her husband nor forget the other man, and that her life was miserable. She confessed that for some time before she had been engaged to marry Houston she had maintained illicit relations with the other man. Houston never said a word, but immediately went to his office, wrote his resignation as Gov-ernor, saddled a horse and rode into the wilderness. This is the mystery of Houston's life as

revealed by himself.

Houston kept a little store among the Indians, and always had a barrel of whisky on tap. He drapk all the time. In this way he lived for a couple of years. He finally went to Texas, where his brilliant career as a soldier in the Texas war, as President of the Texas republic and Senator from the State of Texas is well

ANOTHER SEA MONSTER.

The Strange Beast Seen Some Miles Off Nag's

The schooner Alice Hodges, Capt. John Beau-hamp, arrived yesterday from Governor's Harbor. Eleuthers, with a cargo of pineapples and a sea-serpent story for the susceptible and induigent public. A reporter boarded the Hodges last night at Gibbs's wharf, prepared to learn the marvelous story. Mate George Thomas was the only person on board, and, having been the first one to discover the monster, told the story, in which he has implicit faith. "On Monday morning last," said Mate Thomas,

"we were heading in for the coast. We had been in a fog during the night, which lifted bout daylight, but we were still keeping a careful lookout. Between 6 and 7 o'clock Nag's Head bure northwest about seven miles. The lead was kept going, and twelve fathoms were beneath us. I happened to look ahead, and un-der the mainboom I saw what appeared to be a square-rigged vessel lying on her beam ends. Sticking above it was what I then though were her yards. The sea was smooth, and we were going at the rate of about three and a half knots on a northwest course. To my astonishment the object began to move. I shouted to the lookout and called the steward. They both saw the moving object, and for a moment they stood amazed. Suddenly the object disappeared from view. It again appeared, and I called Captain Beauchamp, who was below asleep. He came on deck, but just as he got his He came on deck, but just as he got his head above the companionway the monster again went under. In about a minute it appeared; the portions I thought a ship's yards began to stretch as if the monster was going to strike at something. This up and down motion kept up for at least ten minutes, when it disappeared from view, and was seen no more. The object, to my observation was fully 100 feet long, and the arms from fifteen to twenty feet in length. I am convinced it was a sea monster. I have sailed for the past sixteen years and have seen some queer things, but that object was the most curious I ever saw." Captain Beauchamp verifies Mate Thomas's

Indignant Soffragists. Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Isabelia Beecher-Hooker, upon reading the platform as adopted, issued an address to the Republican party, asking its immediate consideration of the following facts: "From the foundation of our government such women as Mrs. Otis Warren and Mrs. John Adams, of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Corbin, of Virginia, protested against the exclusion of women from the rights and duties of citizenship. The Republican party owes its existence to women. In 1848 Abby Kelly laid the foundation for the Free-soil party. In 1860 women gave their country the lives and fortunes of fathers, sons and brothers, and Anna Dickinson turned the doubtful States toward the Union. The work of women during the war needs no recounting, but there self-abneration in working for the enfranchisement of the negro while being themselves disfranchised is past history. In 1876 women were ignored. In 1880 the suffrage women from every State in the Union held a meeting and 10,000 postal cards were received from women not present who wished to vote. The convention was notified of this desire, but its platform was silent. In '1884 half a million women of the W. C. T. U., asked for a temperance plank, but the committee rejected their petition, mocking and spitting upon it. This soiled petition is preserved in the Chicago historical Library. Now, in 1888, we were courteously received by your committees and listened to for thirty minutes, and again the platform is silent. Although the majority of men who help us in Congress are Republicans, yet, as forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, we now cease to hope for justice from the Republican party as a party and look to the Prohibitionists, who have always recognized woman's equality with men. Yet, mindful of the past, we ask you to so construe your platform as to include women in the term citizens. wished to vote. The convention was notified of Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction as to include women in the term citizens, to whose personal rights and liberties you affirm unswerving devotion. Will you not have such resolutions brought before the convention and allow us to speak in its behalf?"

A Great Man.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the passenger on the front seat, turning around to speak to the man on the seat behind him, "but I must have met you semewhere. Your face is strangely familiar." "You have probably seen my portrait in most of the papers," replied the man, with the calm dignity of conscious superiority, "I am the inventor of the celebrated McSlatherson three-dollar shoa." With another look at the face of the great man the absence questioner went off and set on the coal box.

Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparille, and do get take any other. Sold by all druggists.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

ing for some lost emerald and copper mines, he chanced to render medical service to an Arab attached to his party. In gratitude, the child of the desert formally presented to him this now called 'resurrection flower,' at the same time en-A Second-Hand One. Mr. Hanover Squaer: I see our friend Mor-ris Parke—poor fellow!—is obliged to get along with a second-hand typewriter. Mr. Bleeker Street: Indeed! What kind? Mr. Hanover Squeer: Widow.

Was Willing.

Prison Warden (to new convict)—We assign nen here to work with which they are familiar. So if you any special line, say so, and we will start you at once. Convict (who can scarcely believe his ears)—Thanks; I can't begin to soon. I am an aeronaut.

The Kind She Was After.

"O my friend, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer, after a graphic description of a terrible accident that he had witnessed. "I'd like to know were they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses.

Not Ton Drunk to Be Logical.

Mrs. Weeply-Oh, Henry, Henry, what would you think if I should come reeling home three aights in the week like you do? Mr. W.- (Hie) W'y, m'love, I'd (hie) think you must be gettin' y' liquor (hic) same placesh y'r busband doesh.

No One Is Absolutely Perfect.

Mr. Wabash-Do you admire Miss Rives's literary style. Miss Waldo! Miss Waldo-Well, to be frank, I must confess that at times it is, perhaps, a trifle immitistical, yet there is an open shrankness, or shrank open mess, as it were, a plethoric wooedlosity or mill-merpillya, one might say, which captivates in spite of the immitisticality which occasionally betrays itself.

More than He Could Stand.

Grocer-How is it, Mr. Swartman, that you are so particular to pay cash nowadays? You used to run a weekly bill. Customer-I know I did, and you would always give me a cigar when I squared up Satur-Grocer-Yes

Customer-Well, it was smoking that cigar that impelled me to pay cash. Hadn't Decided.

Detroit Free Press. "Who ye gwine ter vote fur dis fall?" he asked as he stood his whitewash brush against the wall and began filling his pipe. "Dunne yit,"

"How s'pishus?" "Looks like you gwine to wait fur somebody to cum along wid \$2." "Look neah, Moses, doan' you talk dat way to me! Dar hain't money 'nuff in Detroit ter buy my vote! I said I dunno yit, an' I hev reasons." "Ize listinin'." "De reasons ar' dat it ar' too airly yit. Destorchlight purseshions heven't come out yit. Ize gwine to wait." "An' wote wid de party hevin' de biggest?" "Zaetly." "Shake, Abraham! Wa's hoaf on de same platform." ham! We's boat on de same platform." Coming School of Poetry.

Editor (ten years hence)-This will never do, young man; your lines rhyme.

New Contributor—Why, it's poetry, sir.

Editor—Yes, I supposed from its appearance that it was intended for poetry. But here are two couplets in one stanza—"here" and "dear;"

there" and "dare." New Contributor—Why—I—I thought the lines had to rhyme in poetry. I struggled with those rhymes, sir, until they were perfect.

Editor—Shades of Whitman! Where have you lived? Why, my poor fellow, don't you know all that is dead and buried?

New Contributor (timidis)—How would it do to print these lines hindside before! Editor-Well, that's a new idea. [Looks over the manuscript again.] By Jove! You're a genius! It will be the literary success of the

AN INTERESTING OLD MAP. A Picture of the World as Known in the Sixteenth Century.

On the wall of Mr. S. C. Stevenson's office, in this city, is hung a fac-simile of what is known as the second Borgian map, which is of great historical value. It was presented to Mr. Stevenson by Sir Augustus J. Adderley, the compissioner of the West Indies and Central America at the 1866 exhibition in London. The original, by Diego Ribero, is in the Museum of the Propaganda, in Rome, and was lent by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII to the West Indian commissioner for the colonial and Indian exhibition of 1866. This relic of the early ages of American discovery is a contemporary copy of the first Borgian map, so celebrated in history on account of the line traced across it by Pope Alexander VI. It must have been commenced about 1494 and finished 1529, possibly for Charles V. in order to settle some difficulties with the Portuguese in relation to the frequently vexed question of possession of the newly-discovered lands. The late Mr. Shakspeare Wood, a great authority on all questions of this nature, was of the opinion that it was commenced under Julius II (della revere), whose tiars and arms, the oak, or rovere, are displayed at the bottom of the

This would fix the date of the drawing as 1503. But there are evidences of its being of even earlier date, for in all that concerns Europe, Africa and Asia this map is identical with the first, which was certainly drawn in 1494. It bears an inscription in Spanish, which commences along the upper margin of the parchment, and runs as follows: "Universal map, in which is contained all that has been hitherto discovnents and islands are covered with quaint representations of animals supposed to be native to them; the seas are crowded with Spanish ships sailing in all directions. At one corner is a drawing of a quadrant, with an explanation how to use it, and on the space allowed by the Pacific ocean an astrolabe with a silk cord attached to the center. The line of division made by Alexander VI is drawn exactly as on his map with the addition that on each side of the foot of it is a flagstaff, that on the west carrying the Spanish flag and that on the east the Portuguese.

Altogether, this map has the appearance of being to that of Alexander VI what a fairly engrossed copy of a legal document would be to to the original draft to which additions and inever, some interesting subjects for inquiry which can only be solved by reference to papers in the Vatican archives of the Regesta of Alexander VI and his immediate successors, to Clement VII, in whose time this map is dated. It is eurious that while Diego Ribero's map bears the date of 1529, when Clement VII occupied the Papal throne, as already sintimated, the Pontifical arms and tiara which adorn it in the middle of others at the foot should be these of Julius II, who was elected in 1503 to succeed Pius III, in the same year in which Alexander VI died. Julius II died in 1513. The drawing throughout is exquisitely careful and clear. In the four corners winds are represented blowing their cheeks, and the quadrants, coats of arms, etc., are richly illuminated. England figures as divided from Scotland either by a river or branch of the sea, and Edinburg is called Edim. The principal towns in England are called Bristol, York and Londres. The Irish towns are written in Celtic. The chief European towns are named, but Russia is in a state of great confusion. Jerusalem, which is represented about 1,500 miles distant from where it really exists, has three crosses to indicate Calvary. The Nile, strange to relate, is traced to its source to three lakes. America is a rather shadowy continent, much mixed up with ocean. Yucatan and New Spain are given, and Brazil is also in-dicated. The northern continent ends at Labrador. Hours can easily be spent studying this

unique document.

Those who are interested in these cartographical matters will find in the "Narrative and Critical History of America," now in the course of publication under the editing of Mr. Justin Winsor, the librarian of Harvard College, much

Childhood's Capacity for Suffering. Philadelphia Sunday School Times.

A child enjoys himself more heartily, when fie does enjoy himself, than an older person does. That everybody admits. A child suffers at heart more keenly, when he does suffer at heart, than does an older person. That is not recognized by everybody. A child's power of enjoyment is made a proverb. A child's power of mental suffering is hardly thought of by the world generally. Now and then the deliberate suicide of a child because of some little disappointment to which an adult would hardly give a second thought startles the community and is spoken of as a very remarkable occurrence.
Yet, as a matter of fact and as a matter of course, a child's intenser sensitiveness gives it the same added power of suffering as of enjoyment, and the little ones about us have a barder time of it in the days of their childhood than we know anything about—save as we remember our childhood, and retain more or less of its freshness in our maturer years. We say that we "take things more philosophically as we

grow older," which is only another way of say-ing that we grow tougher hearted. But even if that the little ones who lack our measure of philosophy deserve, therefore, a larger share of our sympathy. It is good to have the light-heartedness of a child. It is hard to have the heart-racking sorrows of a child.

A HUNTER'S NOTES IN BURMAH. Elephant Soup and Boa Constrictor Steaks as

a White Man's Diet. Burmah Letter to San Francisco Chronicle. We tried the flesh of the slain elephants cooked in various ways, roast, boiled, stewed, curried, but with indifferent success, although our Madras cook, no mean proficient in the culinary art, tried all he knew to make the dishes palatable. The flesh is black-colored and course, so not inviting in appearance. The best and most appetizing dish of all was soup made out of the trunk. Portions of the trunk cut into small pieces and gently stewed for hours, exuding their rich juice, flavoring being added in the shape of aromatic herbs growing on the spot. The soup was simply delicious. Of a unique flavor and rich gummy consistence, it more resembled shick turtle soup than any other I know of. It was, without doubt, nutritious and strengthening. It also much reminded me of mouffle, a rich, thick, soupy stew, made of moose muzzles, which delicacy I had made acquaintance with while out moose hunting in eastern Canada. The feet of the smaller elephants also were rather good. They were reasted slowly in wood ashes, then the tough skin peeled off and served an naturel. We met with varied success during the six weeks of our hunting expedition, killing seven elephants in all, which was perfectly satisfactory. One day, in crossing some rocky ground we came upon an enormous boa constrictor ly ing under a projecting ledge, quite supine and in a state of apparent lifelessness. As in this comatose condition the snake is quite harmless, we handled it freely. We could feel the bones of some animal beneath the distended skin. After our shekarries had cut off the boa's head they ripped the body open and found a moun-tain sheep inside. It was not an inviting spec-tacle, as the body of the sheep was slimy and presented a horrid, flattened appearance, showing that its bones were crushed. Our shekarries, however, thought differently to us, for they cut the sheep up and carried it to camp to cook for supper. They also utilized the boa as food, drying its flesh in the sun. How the snake ever managed to swallow the long horns of the sheep was more than we could conceive. We shot several deer of different species, in-cluding the diminutive gazelle, the body being

about the size of an ordinary cat, but with long, slender legs. Two of them were often killed at one discharge, the bullet going clean through their bodies. Their venison is tolerably good, but rather dry, and not comparable to the flesh of the ordinary deer. We also shot several large edible birds, a species of bustard. Our shekarries told us they were not common. They proved excellent eating, being somewhat like wild turkey, with dark meat on the breast. A pretty little bird, a little larger than a sparrow, who is fond of the society of man, was accustomed to visit us every morning at breakfast time, hopping about on the ground close to our tent and picking up crumbs we threw to it. This little bird was the hoopoe, with a gray and white body and a beautiful crest which it can erect and depress at pleasure. Its note was plaintive and musical, if slightly monotonous—"hoopoopoo,

poopoo" being its constant cry.

We met with several fruit and other trees quite foreign to us. One was the jujuba tree, a species of lotus growing plentifully-a shrubby tree, although we met with some quite forty feet in height. Our Indian servants called them zisphum, hence the botanical name zisyphus jujuba. The fruit is small, but pleasant and refreshing, consisting of a blood-red, sweet, granulated pulp, inclosed in a saffron-hued husk or shell. We found it serviceable in quenching thirst. Our servants told us it was used for diseases of the throat. Another pleasant-looking, but unestable fruit we met with frequently was the fruit of the solanum sodomeum—apple of Sodom. It is of a handsome appearance, ruddy like, and of the size of an ordinary apple. On breaking it open it is found to be full of a snuff-colored powder, which our shekarries informed us was poisonous. The solanum family is a peculiar one, embracing as it does such valuable specimens of food, whilst other sorts are so poisonous. I have only to mention the potato, the tomato, egg plant, pseudo capsicum, tobacco, deadly nigh; shade, not to omit the melanocerasum or black cherry of Virginia.

ROBERT LINCOLN'S VIEWS.

He Thinks the Republicans Will Win This Year and Gives His Reasons. London Cable Special.

As to the result of the fight between Mr. Cleveland and the Republican candidate, I do not hesitate to express my confidence that our side will win. I hold this opinion for several reasons. In the first place, I think that we shall get back most of the mugwumps, who left the Republican party because they distrusted it. Now, on the same principle, if they are as hon-est as they profess to be, they must in turn withdraw their allegiance to the Democrats. Consider, for example, the question of civil-service reform, about which the party in power has made such an uproar. What are the facts? The bill was passed under a Republican administration, and I have reason to know that during the last two years of Arthur's presidency the principles of civil-service reform were carried out with most rigid precision. In my own department I never knew the political opinions of any man appointed to any position.

The examination papers were our only criterion as to a candidate's fitness. But how has it been since then? Mr. George William Curtis himself admits that Cleveland has replaced the office-holders of the United States as rapidly as could be done without interfering with the working of the government. This is contrary to the avowed prrinciples of the Democrats. It is utterly hypocritical and cannot, therefore, be acceptable to high-minded mugwumps.

"I anticipate Republican success for another reason. While the Democrats have not absofree trade they have made such an advance in that direction as to awaken great uneasiness in the minds of business men interested in manufacturing. Further, Southern capitalists will hesitate to embark in ventures when they have reason to apprehend that in a few years free-trade legislation may render such enterprises valueless. This protective element is very ex-tensive now in the South, and I hope it may be-come strong enough to secure for the negroes a chance to vote and to have their votes counted. In such a case we would take from the solid South thirty-eight electoral votes, which are ours by right and which we never get. It is useless to deny that the fight will be hard. We shall have against us the temperance people with their prohibition Utopia, so that the Re-United States with its apostles of high morality. How much better if they would only content themselves with high license and use the revenue in caring for the poor victims of drunken-

ness who people our prisons and asylums.
"I was much interested in reading a leader in to-day's London Times wherein the writer preaches a sermon on the failure of Republicanism. Apropos of what is now going on in Chicago much of what he says is true, nor can I deny that in our political methods can I deny that in our political methods there is much exaggeration, sham and also much cunning manœuvring. But read English history and see if things are much better here. The article winds up with a savage tirade against protection. America has certainly no need to come to England for lessons on that subject. We are fully capable of managing our ewn affairs. It is easy to comprehend why England, having everything to sell and little to buy, desires to have the markets of the world open to her. But were sha in our place the open to her. But were she in our place, the conditions being totally different, you may be sure that she would do just as we are doing—that is, look out sharply for herself." The ex-Secretary said much more that must be kept confidential. He spoke with some reserve and much animation. It is evident that he

thoroughly believes in his party principles, and in due time will be heartily in the presidential Effects of Mental Overwork.

Some interesting, though not novel, observa-tions on the symptoms of mental fatigue were discussed at a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society. The result of these investigations goes to prove that weariness of mind, the result of work, like other forms of exhaustion, is recognizable under the two different though related aspects of irritability and incapacity. Further careful inquiry into the same subject would probably show that here, as elsewhere, the former of these conditions is introductory to the latter, and the natural sequel of the stage of apparently successful overaction which is seen when an organ still fully capable is unduly

The observations referred to were culled from a series of reports by school teachers, and in-cluded details of their own sensations as well as of the children under their care. The signs of of the children under their care. The signs of mental irritability were apparent in sleeplessness and nervous laughter; of fatigue, in sleeplessness and incapacity for task work. Lolling, yawning, and a languid manner told that the will was flagging. Headache suggested overstrain in study combined with defective ventilation, and perhaps a too-sparing diet; while some curious facts bearing on the causation of color-blindness and somnamble were also noted. Thus, in Weekly and Monthly Payments

one case the blue-color perception was for a time obliterated, and the sufferer from this defect found herself painting ivy leaves a bright orange; while in another a student, having retired to rest on the eve of an examination, awoke at his desk to find that he had been busi-

awoke at his desk to find that he had been busily engaged in drawing humorous cartoons relating to a former conversation. Here we have an
instance of cerebral irritation due to overwork,
which suggests a somewhat close connection between dreaming and somnambulism, and affords
a clew to the physiology of the latter condition.

Overwork, both mental and bodily, is at once
the most general and the least regarded form of
illness to which we are liable in the present age.

Do what we may, it is next to impossible to escape from it; but there is, at all events, a certain satisfaction in being able to recognize its
features. We must not forget, however, that features. We must not forget, however, that it is also to a considerable extent, a preventive evil, and it is certainly a matter for satisfaction that this fact is not ignored by the reforming party in the Legislature. Its treatment in individual cases requires chiefly that due attention be paid to the two great eswentials of timely rest and wholesome diet.

Work, however irksome, may, it is generally allowed, be undertaken on a very liberal scale, if only it is not too continuous, but is broken by timely and adequate intervals of rest. The value of a plain and liberal dietry is hardly less, and we may take it as a maxim for the times that, so long as appetite and sleep are unimpaired, there is no dangerous degree of overwork, and conversely, that a failure in either of these respects should be regarded as a warning signal, to which attention should be paid by relieving the strain of exertion.

A HAIR-GROOMER.

Women Who Wast Work Cannot Get It, but This One Found a Novel Occupation.

The names of the occupations which refined women in reduced circumstances are seeking nowadays are legion. A reporter was introduced by a friend the other day to a lady who was carning a very comfortable livelihood as a hair-

"I'm not a hair-dresser," she said, "I'm a hair-groomer. I don't do up hair at all. I only comb the hair and give it that general attention which

every woman's hair demands two or three times a week. There are lots of women in the city who are in this business, and who would scorn to call themselves professional hair-dressers.

"What do I do the hair! Well, first I rub it dry with a soft and then with a hard brush. I don't put a lot of water and cleaning-stuff upon the hair at first, as some do, but after I have the dandruff all out I wet the hair with a simple so-lution, which I know to be effective and not deleterious; then I rub and brush the hair dry again. Next comes the trimming. I pull out the gray hairs one by one, taking care to pull them so that the scalp is not lacerated, and the hair cells themselves destroyed. There is a great art in pulling out hairs. You must pull them in the direction is which they lie in the scalp, just as you would a sliver of wood from your hand, in the direction in which Men or women can't pull out their gray hairs themselves, for it is utterly impossible for them to see that they are pulling the hairs out on the proper slant. Of on the subject of gray hairs in their heads. It makes a woman have the blues for a week when her first gray hairs come. Now, when gray hairs are the result of age I never meddle with them; the only thing to do is to let them come.
But they are often the result of sickness or some other little trouble, and it is then often impossible to prevent their coming. Baldness is to be doctored in just the same way. I can never cure, though, and nobody can cure the baldness of people, like accountants and others, accustomed to work all day with the glare and heat of gaslights or electric lights beat-

ing down upon their beads. In their cases the hair cells have been literally burned out. "Well, finally I trim the hair. I cut each individual hair separately, so as to make it even with the others. When the hair is sathered up in the hand and cut square reross in a lump, as it were, with the sensors the straggling hairs are not reached. The result is only to make the hair shorter, and quite as uneven as before. Then I part the hair simply, and do it up plainly. As I told you, if women want their hair done up in any of the fancy styles they

"How much does it pay me? Well, I generally think I ought to get \$1 at least each time I visit a lady's house. If a lady lives a great way up town, and it takes me all the afternoon or morning to go up and see her, I want more money, of course. And, on the contrary, when two or moderate the price a little to each one. It is a humble way of getting a living, I know, but it is respectable." three patrons live near each other, why, I can

Yancey's Row with Ben Hill.

Bichmond (Va.) State. A gentleman now on the editorial staff of the Richmond State was attached to the Dispatch as a reporter during the war. One part of his duty was to report the proceedings of the Confederate States Senate. In 1863, Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, in the chair, a suggestion was made for a secret session for the consideration of important matter submitted by President Davis. All rematter submitted by President Davis. All reporters were put out, of course. They waited on the outside. After an interval of about twenty minutes loud voices were heard, followed by the rumbing noise of a scuffle. Soon after the doors were thrown open. The Hon. William L. Yancey, of Alabama, then appeared with bandaged head and blood streaming from his face, supported between two friends, one of whom was the Hon. C. C. Clay. It was learned that in a dispute between Mr. Yancey and the Hon. B. H. Hill, the latter had harled a heavy inkstand at the former, striking him senseless. Yancey the former, striking him senseless. Yancey died in a few months thereafter, it is said from the effect of Hill's blow. The latter died a few years since as United States Senator from

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There is talk of improving the huckleberry by cultivation. One can imagine the prize huckleberry at the horticultural show; it will be eight inches across, royal purple in color, and as taste-less as an equal amount of sawdust.

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